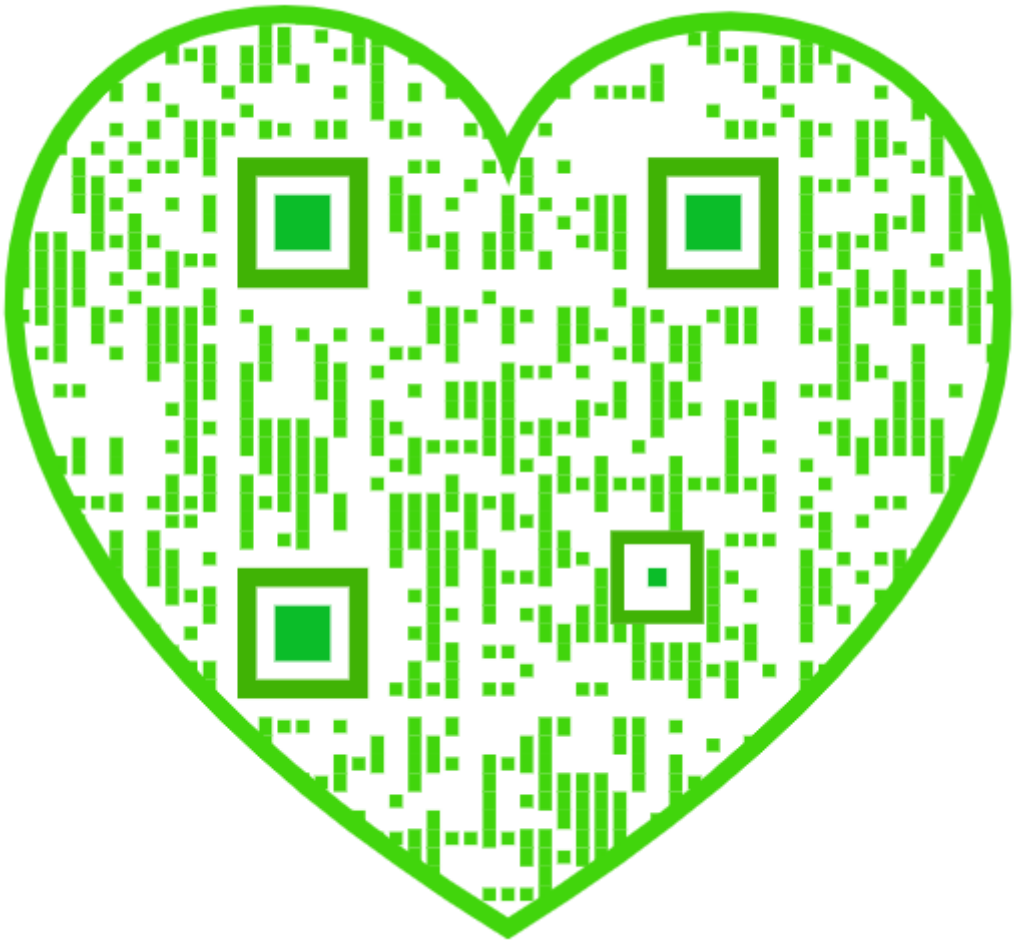
LOG CABIN DAYS



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LOG CABIN DAYS

By Albert F. Blaisdell

AND

Francis B. Ball

The American History Story-Book

The English History Story-Book

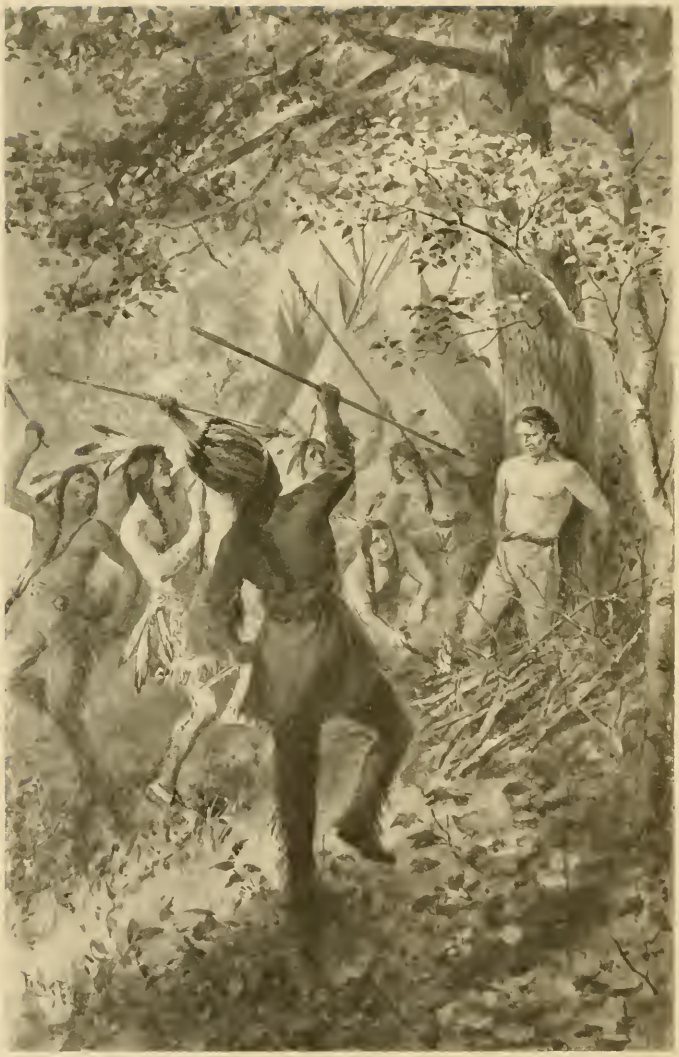
The Child's Book of American History

Heroic Deeds of American Sailors

American History for Little Folks

Pioneers of America

Log Cabin Days



They tied him to a tree, piled dry wood round him, and set the wood on fire.

Frontispiece. *See page 46.*

LOG CABIN DAYS

AMERICAN HISTORY FOR BEGINNERS

BY

ALBERT F. BLAISDELL

AND

FRANCIS K. BALL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

FRANK T. MERRILL

BOSTON

LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

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PREFACE

This little book, like its companion volume, "American History for Little Folks", has been written to serve as an introduction to the more advanced books of the series, namely, "The American History Story-Book", "The Child's Book of American History", "Heroic Deeds of American Sailors", and "Pioneers of America."

The book is intended for use as a supplementary historical reader for pupils in the third grade of the public schools, and for other boys and girls from ten to twelve years old. The authors have set forth, in simple and familiar style, a few of the dramatic and picturesque events which present the perils, hardships, self-denial, and stanch patriotism of our forefathers. Experienced teachers of history know that a bit of ro-

mance, a single incident, or an interesting story, will often throw more light on an historical situation than many pages of mere description. Such material, instinct with human life, arouses the attention of young people, and tends to stimulate them to read and study more zealously the history of their country.

The stories are gathered from historical sources, and the authors hope that this book, with the other books in the series, will serve as a foundation on which boys and girls may build a more extended and formal course in American history.

Albert F. Blaisdell,
Francis K. Ball.

November, 1920.

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LOG CABIN DAYS

I

THE VIKINGS

MANY, many years ago there lived on the shores of the North Sea a wild and fearless people called vikings, or sea rovers. They were tall and strong, with blue eyes and yellow hair.

The vikings were pirates. They wore helmets and coats of mail, and fought with spears, swords, and knives.

The ships of the vikings were no larger than our fishing boats. They were low in the middle, and high at the bow and the stern. On the bow was carved the head of a sea monster. The ships had both sails and oars.

The vikings could handle their ships as

a good knight could handle a horse. They laughed at the winds and the waves.

"The might of the storm," they sang, "aids the arms of our oarsmen. The tempest is at our command. It carries us whither we would go."

The vikings sailed along the coast of Europe, fighting and plundering.

After a time some of them settled in England, and from there made their way into Scotland and Ireland. Others settled in the northern part of France, about the mouth of the Seine River. In France they were called the Normans, a name which means the Northmen, and their country was called Normandy.

A ship of the vikings was once driven far out of her course by a storm, and was carried to the coast of Iceland. When the sailors got back home, they told of the strange new country. Soon afterwards some of the vikings went and settled in the new land.

In the colony was a viking called Eric the

Red. One day he killed a man, and was exiled for three years. The chief took his men and sailed to the west, where he had heard there was another land. He found a rough, bleak shore, with little to be seen but snow and ice.

"It will be well to give the country a good name," said Eric, "if we would have others come and live here." So he called it Greenland.

When Eric went back home, he persuaded a large number of the vikings to go with him and settle in the new country. Eric's colony lasted for nearly five hundred years. Ruins of stone houses and of a church are still to be seen.

Soon after Eric the Red had returned to Greenland, another viking sailed from Iceland to join Eric's colony. But he was carried far to the south. He sailed for many days through a dense fog, seeing neither sun nor stars. At last he came to a level coast covered with thick woods. He did

not explore the land. He was only too glad to sail back to Greenland.

In the colony in Greenland was a viking named Leif, a son of Eric the Red. When Leif heard the story of the new land, he got a ship ready and started to the south. This was about the year 1000.

One morning, after many days' sail, he caught sight of land. Before him was a low, sandy coast. There were no snow-clad mountains or lofty crags, as on the bleak shores of Greenland.

After building a house, Leif divided his men into two parts. "Half of you shall remain at home at the house, while the others explore the land. But do not go so far that you cannot return in the evening, and do not separate."

One evening a man of the searching party was missing. Leif was much troubled, and set out with twelve men to find him. They had not gone a long way, when the man saw them and came toward them.

"Where have you been?" asked Leif. "What has happened?"

"I have not been much farther away, but I have something new to tell. I have found vines and grapes."

"But is that true?"

"Surely it is true. I was brought up in a land where there is no want of either vines or grapes."

The next morning Leif said to his men, "We will now set about two things. We will gather grapes, and then we will cut vines and fell trees to load my ship."

They did so. When spring came, they sailed away.

Leif called the new country Vinland. This land is supposed by some to have been the southern part of New England.

The next year Thorwald, one of Leif's brothers, wished to go to explore Vinland.

"Thou canst go with my ship, brother, if thou wilt," said Leif.

Thorwald spent about two years in the

new country, but was killed by the natives. It is said that he was the first white man to be buried in America. More than eight hundred years after his death, a skeleton in armor was dug up near the spot where the viking was said to be buried. Some have thought that this was the skeleton of Leif's brother. Longfellow wrote a poem about this skeleton. The poem is called "The Skeleton in Armor."

For a few years after this other vikings came to settle in Vinland. But they were fought by the natives, and sailed away.

The vikings now began to lose interest in the new country, and soon forgot the brave deeds of their ancestors. Once more the land was given over to the savages.

II

COLUMBUS IN THE NEW WORLD

COLUMBUS had just made his first voyage across the unknown ocean. On the twelfth of October, 1492, he landed on one of those small islands which are now called the West Indies. Richly clad, and bearing the royal banner of Spain, he stepped ashore with his men, knelt and kissed the ground with tears of joy, and gave thanks to God.

"I claim this land," he said, "in the name of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella."

He named the island San Salvador.

During the voyage across the ocean some of his men had become frightened, and had started a mutiny. These now threw themselves at his feet, and asked him to forgive them.

The next three months Columbus spent in exploring. On the twenty-eighth of October

he went ashore on Cuba. He thought that this island was a part of Asia.

"My eyes are never weary of gazing at the beautiful scenery," he wrote. "The singing of the birds makes me wish never to depart hence."

Columbus had sailed from Spain with three small ships. The largest was called the Santa María. The other two were the Pinta and the Niña. In the three crews there were about a hundred persons.

In November, while Columbus was sailing about, the Pinta, a swifter vessel than the others, became separated from him. The captain of the Pinta, who was a daring sailor, continued on his course, and discovered the island of Haiti. Here Columbus joined him, a few days later.

On the day after Christmas, Columbus built a fort on the island and left a part of his men there. This was the first Spanish colony in the New World.

Two days later, through the carelessness of the pilot, the Santa María ran aground on

a sandbank. No lives were lost, but the ill-fated ship had to be abandoned. The wind and waves soon dashed her to pieces.

"This is a sad state of things," said Columbus to his men. "Nobody in Europe knows that we have found a new way to India. What if we should be wrecked on these strange coasts, and all of us should be lost? No news of our success would ever reach the ears of King Ferdinand. Our names would be bywords of folly and rashness. There is only one thing to do; we must sail back to Spain. It will be easy enough to get ships and men for another voyage, when the people hear our story."

A few days later, with the Pinta and the Niña, he set sail.

All went well for a month. Then a great storm burst on the little fleet. During the next four days the sea was so rough that the two frail ships were nearly lost. They were again separated, and each had to continue its voyage alone.

"Have I gone through all these dangers and hardships to die here in mid-ocean?" Columbus said to himself. "Shall King Ferdinand never hear of what I have done?"

He took two pieces of parchment, and wrote separate letters describing his discoveries. He sealed each of these and addressed it to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. He then wrapped each in a cloth, put it in a large cake of wax, and packed it in a cask. One of these casks he dropped into the sea. The other he kept on the deck of his ship.

"If the ship is lost," he said, "perhaps one of these casks will drift ashore and be picked up. The letter may be found and read. The world will then know what I have done."

But the ship rode safely out the storm.

On the fifteenth of March the brave Columbus sailed proudly into the harbor of Palos, and sent a messenger to the king and queen.

III

BALBOA'S REWARD

NOT long after Columbus had discovered the New World, many Spaniards sailed over the ocean to the West Indies. They were searching for gold. Most of them were wild and reckless. Others were men of noble birth, who had spend their money in high living. They had come to the fabled land of gold to get riches without work.

Columbus had discovered, southwest of Cuba, a long coast which he called Darien, now known as the Isthmus of Panama.

Spanish sailors said to the gold hunters that if they went to Darien, they would find all the gold they wanted. This was indeed glad news.

"To Darien! To Darien!" was now the cry.

Two ships were ready to sail with provisions for a colony on the distant coast. Many of the Spanish adventurers were on board.

At the last moment a large barrel was rolled into one of the ships, and was stowed away with the cargo.

With a fair wind and a calm sea the vessels sped away.

Suddenly a strange noise was heard in the hold of one of the ships. Thump, thump, thump! The noise grew louder.

What could it be?

The crew rushed below to find out what the trouble was.

"Help me out of this, and be quick about it."

The voice seemed to come from one of the barrels in which the supplies were stored.

"There's somebody in one of those barrels," said the captain. "Break it open, and let him out."

When the crew found the right barrel and

opened it, out leaped a fine-looking man dressed in velvet and silk. At his side hung a long sword. In his belt was a dagger.

"Balboa!" cried the captain. "How came you here?"

"Yes, I'm Balboa."

He did not need to say that he was Balboa. Several of the crew knew him. He was a nobleman, but had lost his money, and was in debt.

The captain of the ship was angry.

"How came you in this barrel? What do you want?"

"To tell you the truth," replied Balboa, "I owe money to almost everybody in Santo Domingo. A friend of mine helped me to get into this barrel, and rolled me on board your vessel. Here I am, bound for Darien, the land of gold."

"I shall put you ashore on the first desert island."

"Too bad! Too bad!" cried some of the sailors. "Let him go with us. He

can be of great help to us, for he has sailed along this coast before."

After a while the captain softened his heart and let Balboa stay in the ship.

When they reached the coast, they found no trace of the colony. The captain did not know what to do. Balboa proposed that they should sail to Darien.

"I will take you to a place where there is plenty of gold," he told them.

They reached Darien, where they began to trade with the natives. After a while a quarrel arose among the Spaniards, and Balboa became their leader.

Balboa now heard that not far away was an Indian village, with plenty of gold. He gained the friendship of the Indian chief.

"Where is your gold?" he asked.

The old chief told where his gold was hidden.

After a time Balboa visited another village. The chief of this village had three thousand warriors. His palace was large

and beautiful. The Indians lived in well-built houses.

"There must be a great deal of gold here," said Balboa to himself.

These Indians did not care much for gold. One day the chief threw a bag of it among the Spaniards. The men began to fight for it. They even struck at each other with their swords.

The chief was angry.

"If you care so much for this yellow stuff," he cried, "why don't you go where it is? On the other side of these mountains there is a great sea. On its shores, far to the south, there is a country where the people eat from gold dishes, and drink from gold cups. They even use gold to make their jars, pots, and kettles."

Balboa and his men were greatly excited.

"Even if there is no gold," said Balboa, "what honor will be mine for discovering this great unknown sea! How richly the king will reward me!"

Balboa made up his mind to undertake the perilous journey. With about two hundred of his bravest men he set forth to cross the mountains. He had not a long way to go, but he found the country very rough. He often had to cut his way through woods matted with vines. Many of his followers died from the heat.

After days of hardship he came to the highest range of mountains.

"One more day of hard climbing," he said to his men, "and we shall reach the top. To-morrow will be a great day for us, and for Spain."

Early the next day, with his little band, he started up the mountain. For six hours he worked his way through the thick woods. At noon he stopped near the rocky peak.

"Wait here, my men; I will now go alone."

Eagerly he climbed over rocks and sliding stones. At last he reached the top of the peak.

His heart leaped for joy. Far away to

the south and west he gazed in wonder and awe on the sparkling waters of an unknown and boundless ocean.

Balboa fell on his knees, and raised his hands to heaven.

He bade his men make a great wooden cross, which he set up as a symbol of his faith.

Three days later he started down to the shore. Here he unfurled the royal banner of Spain. Then, walking far out into the sea, he raised his sword. "I claim this mighty ocean and all the lands that are on its borders in the name of the king of Spain."

Balboa sent messengers and presents to the king, telling him what he had done. The king was greatly pleased, and made Balboa governor of the ocean and of the lands he had discovered. Balboa continued to explore the country and the ocean.

But before Balboa's messengers reached Spain, a new governor had been sent to Darien. He was an evil-minded, cruel man.

He hated Balboa because of his successes, and accused him of being a rebel.

"You shall die the death of a traitor," cried the jealous governor.

A trial was held, but it was a farce. Before sunset the brave and noble Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, was beheaded.

IV

ATTACKED BY THE INDIANS

THE early settlers of our country had a great deal of trouble with the Indians. But the Indians were not always to blame. Sometimes the settlers treated them badly, and caused them to seek revenge.

The Indians would hide in the woods for days or weeks to kill the men and carry away the women and children.

In a lonely valley in southern Pennsylvania lived a man named Paul Hartman. He had a wife and four children. George, the oldest, was a young man of twenty. Barbara was twelve, Regina was ten. The baby boy was five or six. There was also a big family watchdog, named Nero.

Our story begins on a frosty morning late

in October. Mr. Hartman read the morning lesson from the large family Bible. Then they all knelt in prayer. The good man prayed, "We thank thee, O Lord, for thy good care and love to us. Help us to live aright. We pray thee to keep us this day from harm and danger. But not our will but thine be done."

After breakfast they made their plans for the day. Mrs. Hartman and the little boy were to go to the mill to get flour. Mr. Hartman and George were to work in the field. The two girls, Barbara and Regina, were to stay in the cabin and keep house with Nero.

The little boy sat before his mother on the horse. When they were passing by the field, he waved his little hand and called out, "Good-by, papa; good-by, George."

Barbara was busy all the morning. At noon she blew a blast on the old tin horn to call her father and brother to dinner. While they were eating, in dashed Nero. The

old dog was greatly excited. His hair stood up, and he growled fiercely.

Mr. Hartman knew that the faithful dog would not run from any common foe. He left the table and went to the cabin door.

Bang! came the sharp crack of a rifle, and he fell dead on the floor.

George sprang to the help of his father.

Bang! came another rifle shot, and he too fell dead.

A moment more, and a dozen yelling savages rushed into the cabin.

Nero leaped at the throat of a redskin, only to be killed by a tomahawk. Barbara hid in the loft. Poor little Regina knelt and began to pray.

The Indians ate the dinner which the girls had made ready for their father and brother. Then they began to plunder the cabin. They dragged Barbara from her hiding place, set fire to the cabin, and took the two girls into the woods.

"Oh, mamma, mamma! Oh, where is my

mother?" came the cry of a child from behind some bushes.

It was a little girl, tied to a tree. Her name was Susie Smith. Her father and mother, who lived near, had been killed a few hours before.

The savages now carried off the three girls into the deep woods.

What a sad home-coming was that for the good wife and mother in the evening!

"We must surely have taken the wrong trail," said Mrs. Hartman to herself.

No, there was the big pine tree that stood near their house. But no cabin was to be seen. The rising smoke told the sad story.

The poor mother began to feel the awful truth that her family had been killed or carried away by the Indians. She fell on her knees, and sobbed a prayer to God for help.

How sad and terrible was the grief of the poor woman during the long years that followed! She tried to learn of the fate of her children. Kind-hearted friends built her a log

cabin, where she lived with her young son, who was now her only comfort.

Should you like to know what became of the girls who were taken away by the Indians? That will be told you in the next story.

V

THE WHITE LILY

WE have just read how the Indians carried off the three little girls, Regina, Barbara, and Susie, into the deep woods. On the next day Barbara fell sick. All night she was burning with a fever. Regina brought water, and nursed her as she lay on the damp ground.

In the morning she was not able to walk. The Indians tried to make Regina carry her sister on her back. Of course she was not strong enough. The cruel savages then killed the sick girl.

For many days the Indians and the two children tramped through the woods. After a time they came to an Indian village. The girls soon learned that they were to be kept together. An old Indian squaw took them

For many days the Indians and the two children tramped through the woods.

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as her own children. Regina was given a long Indian name which meant the White Lily.

The old squaw had a long name meaning the Dark and Rainy Cloud. It was a good name for her, for she was often cross and unkind to the girls, and would beat them.

Regina and Susie's life for the next ten years was hard and lonely. As the time passed by, Regina learned to speak the Indian language, and almost forgot her own.

She used to go alone into the woods. Here she would repeat the Lord's Prayer, which her good mother had taught her in their cabin home. She would sing some of the hymns she had learned when a little girl. One of the hymns began

"Alone, and yet not all alone am I
In this lone wilderness."

Little by little she forgot how the log cabin in the woods looked. The face of her dear mother and the happy children about the fireplace seemed like a dream. Even the

awful scene of that last day slowly faded from her memory.

After a time Colonel Henry Bouquet, a British officer, drove the Indians across the Ohio River. He then compelled them to give up their captives.

These captives were brought to Fort Pitt, where Pittsburg now stands. Fathers and mothers came from far and near to see if they could find their long-lost children. It was a joyful but a sad and pathetic sight. The old Indian fighters shed tears when they saw the mothers crying over their dear ones.

But fifty or more of the children had nobody to claim them. Among these was the White Lily.

Poor Mrs. Hartman had nearly lost hope that God would answer her prayers and send her tidings of her children. All these long years she had sung at evening time her favorite hymn :

"Alone, and yet not all alone am I
In this lone wilderness."

Tears would run down her wrinkled cheeks as she thought how many times she had sung the old hymn to her little ones in the days of long ago.

"Come to Carlisle about the middle of September, my dear Mrs. Hartman," said Colonel Bouquet to her; "many lost children will be brought there. Perhaps yours will be with them."

The poor old mother left her cabin in the mountains and went to Carlisle.

The unclaimed children stood in a line as the anxious fathers and mothers passed along trying to pick out their dear lost ones.

The care-worn Mrs. Hartman looked into the faces of the girls, hoping to find her daughters. It was in vain. Crying as if her heart would break, she made ready to go back to her home.

"Can you not find your children, Mrs. Hartman?" asked the British officer.

"No, indeed, sir," she replied; "they are not here."

"Are you sure? Are there no signs or marks by which you might know them?"

"No, Colonel; there was not even a scar."

"My good woman, surely you used to sing to your little girls. Is there no song they loved? Sing to these young folks one of the songs you used to sing to your children when they were little."

"I used to sing them to sleep with an old hymn. But these soldiers will laugh at me if I sing."

"Try it, while I walk along the line and watch for you."

The old mother took heart. She began to sing in a clear but trembling voice the dear old hymn of her cabin home:

"Alone, and yet not all alone am I
In this lone wilderness."

Men, women, and children became silent, and turned to look and listen. The faithful old mother stood with closed eyes. Her hands were clasped. The sun lighted up her wrinkled face and her snow-white hair.

When she began the second verse of the hymn, a tall, Indian-like girl ran to her. She threw her arms about her neck and sobbed, "Mother, mother!"

Almost in a faint the aged mother cried, "Oh, my God, it is Regina, my dear little girl."

Regina joined her mother in singing again the old hymn:

"Alone, and yet not all alone am I
In this lone wilderness."

VI

HONEST BEN

TWO hundred years ago there lived in Boston a boy who was known to his playmates as Ben Franklin. Ben was clever at his play and clever at his books. He learned to read when he was a child. Indeed, he could not remember when he was not able to read.

The Franklin family was large, and there was much work to do. The father kept a little shop. He made and sold soap and candles. When Ben was only ten years old, he left school to help his father in the shop. He cut the wicks for the candles, and filled the wax molds with hot tallow.

When you are older, you will wish to read how the young boy grew up and became one of the most famous and useful men of his time.

Have you ever heard the story about Ben Franklin and his whistle?

On a holiday, when Ben was seven years old, his friends filled his little pocket with pennies. Ben went to a shop where they sold toys. He was pleased with a whistle which another boy had, and gave all his money for one.

When he got home, he went whistling all over the house, disturbing everybody.

"How much did you pay for your whistle?" his brother asked.

"All the money I had."

"You ought to have asked the price. You have paid four times what it is worth."

His brothers, and sisters, and cousins laughed at him, and told him the good things he might have bought with the rest of his money.

Ben cried with vexation, but he never forgot the lesson.

Often, as he grew older, when he was tempted to buy something he did not need,

he would say, "Don't give too much for the whistle." And he saved his money.

If he knew a miser, who gave up the pleasure of doing good to others for the sake of getting rich, he said, "Poor man, you pay too much for your whistle."

If he saw a person who went in debt for fine clothes, fine houses, or other fine things, and ended in prison, he would say, "He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

Thus he thought many people made themselves unhappy and miserable by their own actions, "by paying too much for their whistles."

While Franklin was a boy, he lived near a mill pond. This pond was a favorite place for him and his playmates to fish for minnows. The edge of the pond was sometimes deep in mud.

"This will never do," said the boys. "We must have a better place to stand while we fish."

"Yes," said Ben. "I know what we can

The boys worked long and hard after the men had gone.
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do. Do you see that pile of stones near the house those men are building? We will bring those stones and build a wharf."

"Hurrah for you, Ben," shouted the boys. "We will do it this evening."

The boys worked long and hard after the men had gone. It was past bedtime before they had finished their little wharf.

"Now, boys," said Ben to his tired but happy playmates, "Let us go home and go to bed."

Of course the workmen were angry when they found the stones gone.

"Who could have carried them off?" they asked.

The tracks of the feet in the mud told the story.

The foreman was angry. "The little rascals shall pay for this," he said. He told his story to the fathers of the boys.

"Ben," said Mr. Franklin. "What made you steal those stones?"

"I did not mean to do wrong," said the

lad. "I told the boys that the stones would do more good in our wharf than in that house."

"No, indeed, my son," said the father. "The stones were not yours. It was wrong to carry them away. Nothing is useful which is not honest."

When Ben Franklin was seventeen years old, he left home and went to Philadelphia, where he spent most of his life. After he had been there awhile, he went back to Boston to see his friends.

While in Boston, he called one evening on the famous preacher Cotton Mather. When he took his leave, the minister showed him a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage which was crossed by a beam overhead.

"Stoop, stoop," suddenly cried out the good old man.

Franklin did not understand him till he hit his head against the beam.

"Ah," said the minister, "you are young and have the world before you; *stoop* as

you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps."

"This advice," said Franklin in after life, "thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high."

After a few years of hard work as a printer in Philadelphia, Franklin had a printing office of his own. He published a newspaper which became one of the best in the country. He was not afraid to speak the plain truth in his paper.

"You write too plainly in your newspaper," said some of his readers. "If you don't stop, we will not take the paper any longer."

"Well," replied Franklin, "come and have supper with me next Sunday, and we will talk it over. Besides, I should like to have you meet my good wife, Deborah."

"All right," replied the fault-finders. "We will come."

When they sat down to the table, there was nothing to eat but two puddings made of coarse corn meal, commonly called sawdust puddings, and a pitcher of water.

Franklin helped his guests. Then filling his own plate, he began to eat heartily.

The guests tried to imitate him, but could not. They did not like such coarse food.

Franklin at last arose and said, "My friends, anybody who can live on sawdust pudding and water, as I can, needs no man's patronage."

The story of this supper spread through the city. The fault-finding people were laughed at. It is said that more people than ever read Franklin's paper.

VII

LOG CABIN DAYS

THE early settlers in America began their new life by cutting down trees and building log cabins. Then they set to work to clear the land and make it ready to cultivate.

In the South the climate was warm, the land was fertile, and living was not so difficult as in the North.

One of the first colonists in the South was John Rolfe, in Virginia. He married Pocahontas, the Indian girl who saved the life of Captain John Smith.

John Rolfe began to raise tobacco, and sent it to England. There was such a ready sale for it that his neighbors began to raise it too. Then other colonists came over from England to start plantations of it.

English girls now came to Virginia, to find homes on the plantations. The young planters married the girls, and their rough log cabins became cheerful homes.

In those days people thought it was right to own slaves. In the South the planters bought slaves to work on the plantations, for the slaves could endure the intense heat without discomfort.

Tobacco was so common, and there was such a demand for it, that it took the place of money as a means of exchange. It was used even to pay wages and taxes.

In the South the Indians were generally friendly, and the settlers did not have to protect themselves by having their houses near each other. Thus great plantations sprang up along the large rivers and the inlets of the sea, within reach of the trading ships.

Many of the planters became wealthy. They nó longer lived in log cabins, but in stately mansions, with broad porches and

tall pillars. The furniture and silverware came from England. About the mansions were extensive lawns, beautiful flower gardens, and stables with fine horses.

Some of the slaves were trained to be carpenters. Some became blacksmiths. Some were shoemakers. With numerous storehouses, workshops, stables, and cabins for the slaves, the larger plantations looked like little villages.

In the early days in the South there were no public schools, and few schools of any kind. The rich planters had private teachers for their sons, or sent them to school in England.

The people of the South became noted for their great hospitality, their gentle manners, and their elegant taste in dress and ways of living.

But in New England the climate was cold, the land was stony and poor, and the farms were small. The settlers were soon troubled by the Indians. To protect them-

selves, they built their cabins close together, in villages, with a meeting-house in the center.

For several years the Pilgrims had no cows, and were without milk, butter, and cheese. But they found the woods full of bears, deer, and wild turkeys. In the bay they obtained fish and other sea food.

One day a Pilgrim shot an eagle. Elder Brewster says in his book that it was woefully tough.

From the Indians they learned how to raise Indian corn. They obtained corn from the Indians, giving them knives, beads, and colored cloth in exchange. We are told that one hungry Pilgrim traded his little dog for a peck of grain.

The log cabins of the early settlers in New England were poorly furnished. The floor was nothing but the earth, or slabs of trees with the flat side up. Instead of chairs there were blocks of wood cut from trees. The fire in the big fireplace served as a lamp.

In a corner stood the spinning-wheel, which spun the yarn to make clothing. Over the fireplace hung a gun, which was ready for use at any moment.

The winters were long and severe, and the people found it hard to keep warm. Nearly the whole end of the cabin was taken up by the fireplace. It was so wide and so deep that a great log could be rolled back into it. This log was called the backlog. It served to throw out the heat. The fire was built in front of it. One of the many chores of the boys was to keep the fireplace supplied with wood.

There were no matches. A fire was started by striking steel against flint. The sparks were caught in dry moss or a half-burnt rag. Then the sparks were nursed into a flame. The fire in the fireplace was kept through the night by covering the coals and wood with ashes. If the fire happened to go out, a boy was sent to a neighbor to borrow fire, as they said in those days.

The wives and daughters had no stove to do the cooking. They hung the pots and kettles over the hot coals in the fireplace. After a time an oven of stone or brick was built in the chimney, at the side of the fireplace. In this the baking was done.

The Pilgrims made Sunday a day of rest. The Sabbath began at six o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and lasted until sunset on Sunday. No work was done except what had to be done, and there were no amusements.

Everybody had to go to church, or be punished. The people were called together by the blast of a horn or by the beating of a drum. The men sat on one side of the meeting-house, the women on the other. The meeting-house was not heated. The sermon sometimes lasted two hours or more. Special officers of the church made the people pay attention to the services. These officers carried long rods, with which they rapped a careless boy on the head, or wakened a grown-up person from a nap.

The people of New England could hardly make a living on their poor little farms, and they looked about for something better to do. They found that the trees were good for building ships. They went busily to work, and became great ship-builders.

Salem became a great trading port. From early times her ships sailed to Europe, Africa, and Asia, and returned laden with goods.

The ships built in New England were also much used in whaling and fishing. For many years New Bedford sent out more whaling ships than any other port in the world.

Thus wealth and luxury came to New England, with better houses and better ways of living.

VIII

OLD PUT

ISRAEL PUTMAN, afterwards nicknamed Old Put, was born in the eastern part of Massachusetts. When he became of age, he bought a farm in Connecticut, and went there to live.

At this time there were wolves in the woods near his farm. Every winter an old she-wolf came with her family of young wolves. They often killed his pigs and fine sheep.

The farmers of the neighborhood wished to rid themselves of these pests. They tracked the old wolf to her den in a cave. They tried to drive her out by burning brushwood, straw, and sulphur at the mouth of the cave.

Putnam was noted for his strength and courage.

"I will go in and find her," he said. "Tie a rope round my waist. Take hold of the other end, and pull hard when I give the signal."

He crept in through the narrow mouth of the cave. He saw something that looked like balls of fire. It was the eyes of the old wolf.

Putnam gave the rope a jerk.

His friends pulled him out as quick as they could.

"I only want my gun," he said.

With his gun in one hand and a piece of burning bark in the other he made his way back into the cave. The wolf started toward him. He took careful aim, and fired.

His friends pulled him out again, in great haste.

After a little while the sturdy young farmer crawled into the cave once more.

The old wolf was dead.

Putnam was not only a good farmer, but a good soldier. He was the hero of many

brave deeds and lively adventures in the early history of our country. He fought against the Indians, and was a gallant commander in the War of the Revolution.

Once he was captured by the Indians. They meant to burn him alive. They tied him to a tree, piled dry wood round him, and set the wood on fire. Then they began to dance round him, and shout.

Suddenly a French officer dashed through the ring of howling savages. He kicked the burning wood away, and cut the prisoner loose.

The redskins were pleased because Putnam showed no sign of fear. They took him away with them to Canada. He was finally set free and went back to his home.

One day in April, 1775, when Putnam was on his farm plowing, a man came galloping down the road.

"To arms, to arms!" he shouted to Putnam. "There has been a fight at Lexington. The king's soldiers have fired on our men."

"I must be off to Boston," cried Putnam.

He left his plow in the field, turned his oxen loose, leaped on his horse, and in one day rode to Cambridge, sixty-eight miles away.

When he returned home, he was made an officer. Within a week he got a little army together, drilled the men, and was on his way back to Cambridge with them.

In May of this same year he took soldiers to Noddle's Island, burned one of the enemy's ships, and captured another.

Putnam was one of the bravest soldiers at the battle of Bunker Hill, and was made a general. He was not only a brave soldier, but a trusted leader.

At one time he was in command of the Highlands, in New York. The enemy sent and demanded the safety of a captured officer.

Putnam sent the following reply:

"Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines; he has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy.

"ISRAEL PUTMAN.

"P.S. He has been accordingly executed."

Putnam was active in the service of his country as long as he lived.

In the autumn of 1779, when the army went into winter quarters, he returned to his farm. In the spring he started out again for camp, but was stricken with paralysis, from which he never completely recovered. He died on the twenty-ninth of May, 1790.

On his tombstone are the following words:

"HE DARED TO LEAD WHERE ANY DARED TO FOLLOW."

IX

CÆSAR RODNEY'S RIDE

FOR more than a year war had been going on between England and her colonies in America. The battle of Bunker Hill had been fought, and Washington had driven the British out of Boston.

The needless quarrel was growing more and more bitter. Many of those who had been loyal to England began to think that the only remedy was to break away from the mother country.

"When I took command of the army," Washington said, "I abhorred the idea of independence; but I am now fully satisfied that nothing else will save us."

So it came to pass, in the year 1776, that the Continental Congress met in the Old

State House in Philadelphia to see what could be done. Of course there was a great deal of talk about the trouble.

"Let us have independence," said the delegates from North Carolina.

"Yes," answered Virginia and the colonies of New England.

It was now the seventh of June. Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, rose and made the motion that "these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states." John Adams, of Massachusetts, seconded the motion.

The vote on this motion was put off till the first day of July. If they voted yes, they wished to give their reasons for doing so. A committee of five men, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston, was appointed to prepare a statement. Jefferson was chosen to write it. This paper is called the Declaration of Independence.

The first of July came. Mr. Lee's motion

was debated, and was to be put to vote on the following day.

The delegates from Delaware were Cæsar Rodney, Thomas McKean, and George Read. Mr. Rodney was not present on the first of July. He was then in southern Delaware, eighty miles away. His vote was needed, because Mr. Read was opposed to independence.

"We must have the vote of Delaware," said one of the patriots; "and to get it we must have Mr. Rodney's vote. We are going to take a most decisive step. These colonies must present a solid front."

"Yes," said another, "we need Mr. Rodney's vote; but how shall we get it?"

"I will see that Mr. Rodney is here to sign the Declaration," said Mr. McKean. "Leave the matter to me."

So off rode a man on horseback at breakneck speed to carry the message to Mr. Rodney. The message said, "Come quickly if you wish to vote on July second for the Declaration of Independence."

Mr. Rodney was a quiet Quaker farmer. He was not a great orator, like so many others in the Continental Congress; but he was known far and wide as a fearless man who believed in General Washington.

The messenger found Mr. Rodney eating his breakfast. The message from Philadelphia acted on him like a tonic. Not a moment did he delay. He called to his negro servant, "Hi, you there, Pompey, saddle my black horse, and be quick about it."

The favorite horse was soon ready.

The Quaker patriot galloped off like the wind. Through heat and dust all that July day he rode toward Philadelphia as fast as his horse could carry him. When his horse gave out, he stopped just long enough to get another.

"If I am only in time!" he said to himself. "If I am only in time!"

Evening came. Mr. McKean stood waiting for some word from the missing delegate.

Other patriots also cast longing eyes far down the street. The bell on the State House was ringing its sharp call for the members to meet in the council room. The strokes of the bell began to grow slower.

The bell ceased to ring.

Mr. McKean looked very sober.

But what sound was that? Was it the sound of a horse's hoofs?

In another moment a rider on a horse covered with foam and dust came galloping through the quiet street, and stopped at the door of the State House.

The tired, dust-covered patriot marched into the council room just in time to answer to the roll call.

"I vote for independence," he cried, amid the cheers of the assembled delegates.

X

THE COLONIES PROCLAIM THEIR LIBERTY

WE have just read that Thomas Jefferson was chosen to write the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson was not a great orator, but he could write plain and simple English.

When he finished the writing, he asked Benjamin Franklin to call at his room to hear what he had written.

Franklin listened with great interest.

"That's good enough," he said. "I wish I had written it myself. That will make King George gnash his teeth."

On the third of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was presented to the Continental Congress. There was a good deal of lively talk. With a few slight changes, however, it was adopted, on the evening of the fourth of July.

During the day of the fourth of July hundreds of people were gathered outside the Old State House. They were anxious to know how the question of independence would be decided.

The old bell ringer had been in the belfry since morning. He was to ring the bell if the Declaration of Independence was accepted by the Continental Congress. A boy in the hall below was to give him the signal.

"They will never do it, they will never do it," cried the old man, shaking his head.

Suddenly a shout came from below. The boy, wild with excitement, came running up the belfry stairs, calling out, "Ring, ring."

The old man rang the bell as it had never been rung before.

Riders on swift horses carried the glad news far and wide. Cannon were fired, bells were rung, patriotic music was played, flags were flung to the breeze, and big bonfires were lighted on the hills.

On the nineteenth of July, Congress decided

that the Declaration of Independence should be written on parchment. On the second of August fifty-three members of Congress signed it. Three absent members were allowed to sign it later.

Look at a copy of the Declaration of Independence and see the big bold signature of John Hancock, of Massachusetts.

"There," exclaimed this great patriot, laying down the pen, "King George can read that without spectacles."

"We must all hang together," he had declared on that famous fourth of July.

"We must indeed all hang together," replied the witty Benjamin Franklin, "or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, was sick at this time; his name is written with a shaky hand.

"See how my hand trembles," he said; "but my heart does not."

All honor to the fifty-six patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence.

They staked "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." They were men of high purpose and exalted character. They were fit to become the leaders of the young nation.

The old Liberty Bell, which rang out the glad news, is now guarded as a sacred relic in the lower hall of the Old State House, in Philadelphia. This bell was made in England for the State House. It was brought to Philadelphia in 1752. In being taken from the ship it met with an accident, and had to be recast. On it were then inscribed the following words, taken from the Bible: "PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND, UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF."

This is just what the old Liberty Bell did for many years. In 1835 the old bell was cracked while being tolled for the death of Chief Justice Marshall, one of the great men of our country. In 1854 it was placed in the Old State House, now called Independence Hall. If you go to Philadelphia, you will wish to see it.

XI

THE PATRIOT SPY

IT was in September, 1776, a little more than a year after the battle of Bunker Hill. The patriots had been defeated in the battle of Long Island, and Washington and his army were forced to leave New York City. They were now at Harlem.

The outlook for the patriot army was almost hopeless. There were only about fourteen thousand men fit for duty. Many of the soldiers were sick. Winter was near at hand. Hundreds were without tents, shoes, and clothing. There was little or no money to pay the soldiers.

A British army of twenty-five thousand was in camp about New York. A fleet of warships was at hand to help the army. Guard ships sailed to and fro, to watch every movement of the patriot army.

"We shall crush the rebels and stay in New York all winter," said General Howe, the British commander.

No wonder Washington was sad at heart.

"It would be a great pity," he said, "to give up New York to the enemy without a battle."

Scouts came in and said that the British were getting ready to make a move. Washington asked his officers to meet him. They talked over the situation long and calmly.

"We must find the right sort of man," said Washington, "and send him in disguise into the British camp to learn their plans."

"Have you such a man?" he asked Colonel Knowlton, one of the heroes at Bunker Hill. "He must be a man with a quick eye, a cool head, and nerves of steel."

"I will do my best, sir, to find you such a man."

On that same day Knowlton called some of his officers to his tent. He told them what General Washington wanted. All were silent.

They were brave men, but they hated to play the spy.

"Once more I will ask," said Knowlton. "Who will do this for General Washington?"

Not one of them would take the risk of being hanged as a spy.

At this moment Captain Nathan Hale came into the tent. "I will try it," he said quietly.

The boyish young officer was twenty-one years old. He looked pale, for he had been sick.

Everybody loved Nathan Hale. His fellow officers begged him to change his mind.

"I know the danger," he said; "I'll take the risk. I wish to be of use. If Washington asks me to go, I will go."

He left the camp, and got his orders from Washington. He was soon ready for his trip into the enemy's camp. He took off his uniform, and put on a brown coat and a broad-brimmed Quaker hat. Pretending to be a schoolmaster looking for a place, he crossed the British lines.

The redcoat soldiers liked the Quaker schoolmaster. He laughed, cracked jokes, and told stories that pleased them. One of the British officers afterwards spoke of him as "a jolly good fellow."

Meanwhile Hale kept his eyes and ears open. He drew plans of the forts, and hid the papers in his shoes.

After spending two weeks in the British camp, he was ready to go back. A boat was to meet him.

Near the landing place was an inn, at which he ate supper and spent the night. This tavern was kept by a Tory woman, nicknamed Mother Chick. It was a favorite resort for the Tories of that region.

Captain Hale knew this, but he felt safe. When he went into the inn, some men were in the barroom. One of them gave a sharp look at the pretended schoolmaster, and then slipped away.

"I think I have seen him before," said Hale to himself.

To this day we are not sure who this man was. But he knew the Quaker schoolmaster, and sent word to General Howe.

At sunrise Captain Nathan was up and dressed, ready to go back to the American army. He hurried to the beach, where he saw a boat making for the shore. He waved to the men. Nobody answered his call.

When the boat drew near the landing, he saw that it was filled with British soldiers.

Hale turned to run.

"Surrender or die," was the sharp order from the officer in command.

Escape was impossible. He gave himself up.

He was taken on board a British guard ship, which lay at anchor close by, hidden from sight by a point of land. He was searched, and the telltale papers were found.

"You are my prisoner, my fine fellow," said the captain, "and I think you are a spy; you must go to New York."

Calm and fearless, Nathan Hale stood be-

fore General Howe. He did not deny that he was a spy.

"I am only sorry," he said, "that I did not serve my country better."

"To be hanged to-morrow morning at daybreak," was the stern verdict.

Before sunrise, on a beautiful Sabbath morning in September, Captain Nathan Hale was led out to death. Early as it was, a number of men and women had come to see the sad sight.

Lifting his eyes to heaven, Hale said in a calm, clear voice, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

XII

LYDIA DARRAH OUTWITS THE BRITISH

DURING the second year of the War of the Revolution the patriots were having a hard time. In the late summer they tried to stop the British attack at the Brandywine, but were driven from the field. Two weeks later the redcoats entered Philadelphia, which was then the capital of the nation. A few days later Washington attacked the enemy at Germantown, but met with defeat. He then fell back to the hills, twenty miles from Philadelphia.

General Howe, the British commander, with his men, was now living in ease and comfort in Philadelphia. Washington and his half-starved and ragged Continentals were enduring all kinds of hardships at Valley Forge.

"Washington's men are nearly naked and starving," said General Howe to his chief

officer. "Now is the time to hit a hard blow. We will march out and make a night attack. They cannot stand up against our well-fed and well-drilled regulars."

Just across the street from the British headquarters lived a young Quaker woman named Lydia Darrah. In her house lodged one of General Howe's staff officers. Here was a quiet place for the British officers to talk over their plans.

"Mistress Darrah," said Lydia's lodger one cold winter morning, "I expect some friends here to-night. Have the back room upstairs ready. My guests are likely to stay late; see to it that your family are all in bed early. I will call you when my guests are ready to go."

Late that evening several British officers of high rank came quietly to the house. The Darrah family were all in bed except Lydia, who sat up to open the door.

"Now, my good woman," said the officer, "you may go to bed. I will call you when my friends are ready to go."

Lydia Darrah did not believe in war or bloodshed. But at heart she was a patriot, and longed to do all she could to serve her country.

She went to her room, but lay down on her bed without undressing. She was restless and uneasy.

"My husband heard in the street that General Howe was ready to attack Washington," she said to herself. "Perhaps that is what these officers are talking about. Oh, if I could only do something to help General Washington! Perhaps I can find out what these officers are planning."

Still as a mouse, she stole out of her door. She crept down the hall in her stocking feet, to the room where the officers were holding their meeting. She put her ear to the keyhole. Her lodger was reading aloud an order from General Howe:

"To-morrow night our troops will leave the city secretly, and march out and attack Washington at Whitmarsh."

It was enough. Lydia crept back to her room. She could not sleep.

The bell on a neighboring church struck twelve.

Rap, rap! came a knock on her door. The officers were ready to go.

Rap, rap! louder than before.

"She 's a sound sleeper," growled her lodger.

Loud and sharp he knocked for the third time, rap, rap, rap!

It would not do for her to delay any longer.

"I 'll come in a moment, sir," said a sleepy voice.

She came to the door, rubbing her eyes. She let out the midnight guests, locked the door, and went to bed. Of course there was not a wink of sleep for her that night. She lay awake thinking what to do.

"I must get word to General Washington at once. I must take all the risk myself. If I send my husband and he is caught, General Howe will shoot him as a spy."

Long before daylight she was up and dressed.

"I must go to Frankfort this morning, William," she said, "to get some flour. Do you stay here and look after the children."

She had to get a pass to go through the British lines.

"Who calls for this pass?" asked a British officer.

"Lydia Darrah."

"Oh, yes. She lives across the street. She is all right. Let her have the pass."

A little later Lydia Darrah started on her long tramp to the outposts of the patriot army.

She was stopped by a sentinel, who asked her what she wanted.

"I must see an officer. Tell me where I shall go. I have an important message."

The picket sent her to Colonel Craig. She quickly told her story.

"Get word to General Washington at once," she begged him. "Keep my name a secret. I must hurry back to the city."

"General Washington shall have your message at once, my good woman."

The young Quaker woman hurried to the mill. With a bag of flour on her shoulder she tramped back to her home.

Late that evening a large force of British soldiers marched quietly out of Philadelphia. From her chamber window Lydia Darrah watched the redcoats as they went silently past her house.

"If I only knew whether General Washington got my message!"

Washington had received the message and had acted. When the British drew near Whitmarsh, they found the patriot army ready to meet them.

There was some marching to and fro and a bit of fighting; but, as Washington wrote to Congress, "On the following Monday the British decamped very hastily and marched back to Philadelphia."

With fear and trembling Lydia Darrah went about her housework.

After a while her lodger came back.

"I wish to see you for a few moments, Lydia."

Her heart was beating fast.

"Were any of your people out of bed the night my friends came here?"

"No, indeed, sir," replied Lydia. "You told me to have all my folks in bed early, and I carried out your orders."

The British officer seemed puzzled.

"It is really very strange, and yet you were sound asleep; I knocked on your door three times before you heard me."

"Why do you ask me, sir? Was there any trouble?"

"Trouble? I should say so. Washington, the sly old fox, found out our plan. He was ready to fight. We marched back like a parcel of fools."

It was a long time after the war was over before Lydia Darrah told her secret even to her best friends.

XIII

THE HEROINE OF MONMOUTH

WE have just read that in 1777 the British entered Philadelphia, where they spent the winter in ease and comfort, while Washington and his ragged Continentals were nearly frozen and starved at Valley Forge.

In the spring of 1778 the French sent ships, soldiers, and money. This help came at just the right time. Perhaps the patriots could not have won without it.

Sir Henry Clinton was now in command of the British. Fearing the approach of the French fleet, he made up his mind to leave Philadelphia and retreat to New York.

Washington sent troops in pursuit, under General Charles Lee. The patriots, ready and eager to fight, overtook the enemy at

Monmouth, in New Jersey, and began a battle. But Lee, who was little better than a traitor, ordered his men to retreat.

When Washington advanced with the main army, he was filled with surprise and anger to learn what Lee had done. He set spurs to his horse and galloped to the front.

"What is the meaning of all this, sir?" he demanded.

"Sir, sir," stammered General Lee.

Sending the treacherous officer to the rear, Washington took command and advanced against the enemy.

This was the battle of Monmouth. It was fought on a sultry day in June. The patriots threw off their coats, and rolled up their sleeves, but the British fought in their woolen uniforms. The heat was so great that many soldiers on both sides died.

In the patriot army at the battle of Monmouth there was a gunner named Hays. Mollie Hays, his wife, was red-haired, freckle-faced, and strong. She had grown up on a

farm, where she milked the cows and worked in the fields. When the war broke out, the people could talk of nothing else.

"I'm proud to be a soldier's wife," said Mollie Hays. "I'm not going to stay at home. I'm going to war, and fight if I can get a chance."

At this time the soldiers' wives sometimes went with the army. They did not often enlist as soldiers, but used to wash and mend clothes, and cook and care for the sick and wounded.

Mollie followed her husband on his marches, and sometimes even went into battle. She usually dressed in skirts, with a soldier's coat over them. She wore a cocked hat, with feathers in it. She looked almost as much like a man as any of the soldiers.

Mollie soon had a chance to show what she could do. After the battle of Princeton she picked up a wounded soldier and carried him two miles to a farmhouse.

At another time the redcoats scaled the

walls of Fort Putnam, on the Hudson River. Mollie's husband dropped his match and ran. Mollie caught it up, touched off the cannon, and hurried away. This was the last gun fired in defense of the fort.

At the battle of Monmouth the brave woman had a busy day. Not far from the battlefield was a spring. Sometimes under shelter, sometimes under fire, she went to and fro, carrying water for the thirsty and wounded soldiers.

The water was also used in wetting the sponges to swab out the cannon.

"Here comes Mollie with her pitcher," shouted one of the men, and since that time she has been known as Mollie Pitcher.

On one of her trips to the spring Mollie saw her husband shot down beside his cannon.

"Wheel that cannon back out of the way," ordered General Knox.

"No, no," shouted Mollie; "I will fire it."

She dropped her pail of water, seized the rammer, and began to load the gun. In a

She dropped her pail of water, seized the rammer, and began to load the gun.

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few moments it was plain that she could take her husband's place.

Years afterwards old soldiers used to tell how Mollie Pitcher stood beside her cannon, her eyes like fire, her red hair flying in the wind, her face grim with dust and powder, firing shot after shot until night, when the British stole away.

Mollie Pitcher's bravery was not forgotten. General Greene thanked her in the name of the army. Washington gave her a sergeant's commission. Lafayette called her the Captain, and invited her to review the troops. Congress placed her name on the list of officers receiving half pay.

Mollie Pitcher stayed in the army until the end of the war. She cooked and washed for the soldiers in the little town of Carlisle, in Pennsylvania.

A short time before Washington died, he passed through this place. The great man greeted the brave woman, and asked her to tell him the story of her life in the army.

Mollie Pitcher lived to a good old age. When she died, she was buried with military honors.

On her grave, in the old cemetery at Carlisle, a monument is inscribed to the memory of "Mollie Pitcher, the heroine of Monmouth."

In the town of Freehold, in New Jersey, near the field of Monmouth, stands a monument to mark the battle. The heroine of the battle, bare-footed, is shown loading a cannon, while beside it her husband lies dead.

XIV

JOHN PAUL JONES AND HIS FLAG

ON the fourteenth of June, 1777, the Continental Congress voted, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Soon after this General Washington, Robert Morris, and George Ross called on Betsy Ross, a seamstress in Philadelphia. She was noted for her fine needlework, and they wished her to make a sample flag for the nation. She made such a beautiful flag that she was engaged to make all the flags used by the government. The little brick house in Arch Street, where she lived and made the flags, is still standing. Many people visit this spot every year.

The national flag is called the Stars and Stripes. It is sometimes called Old Glory.

The Stars and Stripes was raised for the first time on the sixth of August, 1777. This was a rude flag made hastily out of a white shirt, a blue jacket, and a red petticoat. It was raised at Fort Stanwix, in New York, to celebrate a victory over the enemy.

It is said that the first Stars and Stripes used in the navy was raised by John Paul Jones.

On the same day that the Continental Congress voted to have a new flag for the new nation, it passed the following resolution also: "Resolved that Captain John Paul Jones be appointed to the ship Ranger."

"The flag and I are twins; we were born on the same day," said the young officer.

John Paul Jones was born in Scotland. He was the son of a poor gardener. From earliest childhood he loved the water. When only twelve years old, he went to sea.

He began his service for the United States

as an officer on the Alfred, the flagship of our little navy. It is said that on this vessel he raised with his own hand the original flag of the Revolution. This was the pine-tree flag.

John Paul Jones was soon made a captain.

When he came to Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, to take command of the little warship Ranger, he found that she had no flag.

"This will never do," he said. "Of course the Ranger must have the new flag."

Now it seems that a group of girls in Portsmouth were planning to have a quilting party. Captain Jones was invited to the party.

"I am under orders to sail in a few days," he said to the young women. "The Ranger must have a flag. I am going to fight on the high seas. Will you help me?"

"Yes, indeed, Captain Jones," answered Patience Bartlett, a leader among the girls. "We will do our best to help you. We have heard of your brave deeds along the coast.

You have won the personal regard of General Washington himself."

These Portsmouth girls were much in earnest and very patriotic. As the story is told, they made the flag from their best silk gowns, red, white, and blue. When the flag was finished, they went to the ship to present it to the gallant young captain.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" they shouted, as the flag was raised to the breeze.

On the first day of November, with the silk flag flying at her masthead, the Ranger sailed for the coast of Great Britain.

Captain Jones was anxious to see how his ship would behave when she met a British man-of-war. He soon found out. In the summer of 1778 she had a fight with the Drake, a British sloop of war. For the first time a British warship struck her flag to the Stars and Stripes.

Captain Jones's exploits abroad won him great renown in the United States. He was put in command of a much larger ship, fur-

nished by the French government. The name of this ship he changed to Bon Homme Richard, in honor of Benjamin Franklin, who had written "Poor Richard's Almanac." The same silk flag was flung to the breeze.

In August, 1779, the famous battle took place between the Bon Homme Richard and the British frigate Serapis.

This was one of the most desperate sea fights ever known in naval history. It ended in the surrender of the Serapis, but the Bon Homme Richard was a wreck. Captain Jones left her and took his men on board the British warship. The next day his gallant old vessel sank, carrying with her the Portsmouth flag.

For this victory Captain Jones was honored in France and at home.

In due time he came back to America. He met one of the young women who had helped to make his silk flag.

"My dear young lady," he said, "I longed to bring back home to you the beautiful

flag you gave me four years ago, but I could not bear to take it from the sinking ship."

In his diary our gallant hero of twenty-four naval battles described the last moments of the Bon Homme Richard and her little silk flag that had never known defeat:

"No one was now left aboard the Richard but her dead. To them I gave the good old ship for their coffin. In her they found a sublime burial place. She rolled heavily in the long swell, settled slowly by the head, and sank peacefully in about forty fathoms. Our torn and tattered flag was left flying when we left her. As she plunged down by the head, at the last, the rail across the stern rose in the air; so the very last thing mortal eyes ever saw of the Bon Homme Richard was the defiant waving of her unconquered and unstricken flag as she went down."

XV

BRAVE POLLY MERRILL

IT was in August, in the year 1780. Affairs had gone from bad to worse in the South. The British overran South Carolina and Georgia. Cornwallis, the British commander, ordered Tarleton and Ferguson to enlist soldiers among the Tories.

At this time there lived in North Carolina, on a plantation, Richard and Abigail Merrill. They had three children. Polly was sixteen years old, Abigail fourteen, and Peter about three.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill were just starting on horseback to do a bit of business a few miles from their home.

"Take good care of Peter," said Mr. Merrill to Abigail; "see that he does not get into trouble. I'm sure there are no Tories to do you any harm."

"And Polly dear," said Mrs. Merrill, "about ten o'clock don't forget to bake the bread."

Off rode the father and mother, leaving the three children alone. The trip was short, and they expected to get back before night.

The girls were busy at work. Polly made the bread while Abigail was playing with Peter on the front porch.

Suddenly Abigail came running into the house with Peter in her arms.

"Oh, Polly!" she said; "just look out of the front window. Down by the river road I saw some men riding this way. I 'm sure they are Tories. What shall we do?"

The girls knew that their father had been paid some money a few days before, and that the pieces of gold had been put in a big wallet and locked up in a bureau drawer.

In a few moments the tramp of horses' feet and the sharp order of an officer were heard. A band of Tories came riding up the hill near the house.

"Run quick, Abigail," cried Polly; "get the key to the bureau and bring me the wallet. I 'll hide it somewhere."

It took only a moment for Abigail to unlock the bureau drawer and bring the wallet to Polly.

"I know what I 'll do," said Polly, as she took a quick look at the bread ready for the oven. "Perhaps I can save the money. I 'll try it."

Quick as a flash she put a little dough into a pan, and poured in the pieces of gold. She then covered the money with dough, and pushed the pan into the brick oven.

"You have done it this time," laughed Abigail. "Not even a Tory will look in there for money."

"Don't be too sure, Abigail. Hurry now. Put the wallet back in the bureau drawer, and then go out on the porch and play with Peter."

Captain Mott took off his hat and bowed politely to the girls.

"Don't be afraid, girls. We met your

father down the road. He told us to stop here and get the money which he received last week. He told us where he kept it. Be quick, and get it for us, for we must hurry along."

Polly kept cool and stood her ground.

"My father would never give you the money, and I 'm sure I shall not."

"Then I will look for it until I find it."

With some angry words Captain Mott stepped into the bedroom, and began to ransack the bureau drawers.

In her haste Abigail had left the wallet in plain sight. When Captain Mott seized it, two or three coins rolled out and fell on the floor.

Peter had followed into the room. He ran and picked up the pieces of gold and gave them to the officer.

"Pretty money," said the little boy. "More in fower."

Polly's heart beat fast as she listened to her little brother's childish talk.

"He must have seen me hide the gold in the pan of dough. The secret is out. The Tories will surely find the money."

Captain Mott laughed. "Good enough, my little boy. Children and fools tell the truth. Come with me, and show me where your father buried the pretty money in the flowers."

Peter took the officer's hand, and led the way into the flower garden.

The officer set his men to digging up the shrubs and rosebushes.

With her eyes big as saucers Polly watched the men digging in the garden. Suddenly she knew what Peter meant. A few days before, a pet rabbit of the family had died, and the girls had buried it in a box in the garden.

After a while one of the soldiers struck his shovel against something hard. With a shout he pulled from the ground the box that held the rabbit's dead body.

"You have done well," cried Captain Mott. "Bring that box to me."

In another moment one of the officers rode in great haste into the yard shouting, "To horse, to horse! Marion's men are after us, not a mile away."

A few minutes more, and Captain Mott and his Tories were riding away as fast as they could go.

Polly laughed till she cried.

"They will surely come back as soon as they find they have been made fools of. Let me think what I can do."

She fastened the door with the oak bar. She took down her father's long rifle. She was now ready to fight.

Suddenly there was a clatter of horses' shoes on the rocky road.

"Hollo, Neighbor Merrill; open the door and let us in," somebody shouted.

Laughing and crying by turns, the two girls opened the door to a party of sturdy patriots.

"You are brave and sensible girls," said the leader. "You outwitted the rascals.

They won't come back. They did not want to fight. They only wanted to steal."

What a merry time it was that evening when Mr. and Mrs. Merrill came home!

"I burned the bread," said Polly, "but the money is safe."

XVI

ARNOLD THE PATRIOT

BENEDICT ARNOLD was one of the bravest soldiers in the War of the Revolution. He was always ready to face any danger, or to do anything that General Washington wished to have done.

When Arnold received news of the battle of Lexington, he led a company of soldiers to Cambridge, and offered his services. He was made a colonel, and was sent to enlist soldiers in western Massachusetts.

In the summer of 1775 he was chosen by Washington to lead an expedition against Quebec.

"An attack on Canada is necessary," Washington said; "otherwise the enemy will invade the colonies through the valley of the Saint Lawrence River."

This ill-fated expedition began in Septem-

ber, and lasted till May. Arnold and his men were nearly two months in getting to Quebec.

It was a fearful march. They had to cut their way through the forests. They often had to drag their boats through the shallow water, or carry them round the rapids. Sometimes they were wet to the skin, and slept in uniforms that were frozen stiff even in front of their camp fires.

Two companies got lost, and waded ten miles in a great swamp. They reached a hillock after dark, and stood up all night to keep from freezing. Every man was for himself in the struggle for life. The strong did not stop to help the weak, fearing to perish. Their food gave out. They then chewed their shot pouches. They ate the faithful dogs that had followed them.

Captain Dearborn told how sad he was to kill his fine Newfoundland dog. "We even pounded up the dog's bones and made broth for another meal."

"Alas, alas, these horrid spectacles!" wrote

another soldier; "my heart sickens at the recollection."

Arnold saw that his men must have food. He now did one of those heroic and reckless deeds for which he was noted. Perhaps no other man in the army would have dared to do it. In frail canoes, without a guide, he and a few chosen companions started for a French village sixty miles down the swift Chaudière River.

At one place they went over a fall, and their canoes were upset. They swam ashore.

The last twenty miles of the way they tramped through a forest. They reached the village in the evening of the second day.

Long before daybreak, with a relief party of French Canadians, Arnold was on his way back to his starving men.

In November the patriots reached Point Levi, a little French village opposite Quebec.

Arnold had planned to capture the fortress at one stroke. But some Indians told the British that he was coming.

Finally, at midnight on the last day of 1775, during a driving snow-storm, Arnold led the attack. A musket ball shattered his leg, and stretched him bleeding in the snow. He was carried to the rear. The attack failed.

In a month Arnold was out of doors. He hobbled about on crutches, but was as hopeful as ever.

Washington sent orders to him to stand his ground, saying, "The glorious work must be accomplished this winter."

But in May three British men-of-war forced their way up the Saint Lawrence River, and saved the city. The great bell in the cathedral clanged the death knell to Arnold's hopes.

In the summer of 1776 Arnold was appointed to build and command a fleet on Lake Champlain. Here he fought one of the most heroic naval battles in our history. The enemy had a fleet twice as large as his own, but he held his position until night. He then escaped with most of his boats and with all his men.

In 1777 Congress promoted above him five officers who were below him in rank.

This was due to jealousy. All these men put together had not done for their country a tenth part of what Arnold had done. In ability they were far below him. He had a right to feel slighted.

Meanwhile Arnold's business was being ruined, and he needed funds. In the campaign against Quebec he had used a good deal of his own money, and given his pledge for more, to make the campaign a success. Congress was very slow in settling the accounts.

Arnold would now have left the army, but Washington asked him to remain. The British were already marching down the valley of the Saint Lawrence River. Washington had to request Congress again and again to send Arnold to meet the enemy.

At last Arnold was put in command, and hurried to the north. In this campaign he saved his country. One army of the enemy he scattered in a panic. In the second battle

of Saratoga he took a brilliant part, and was severely wounded. General Gates was jealous of him, and in this battle tried to keep him in the background.

Congress now gave Arnold a vote of thanks and his proper rank in the army.

Arnold's wound made him unfit for active service, and he was put in command of Philadelphia.

Here he married a beautiful girl named Margaret Shippen. He now went into fashionable society, and lived beyond his means.

His enemies again found fault with him. They made many foolish charges. They said that he misused his authority, and showed favor to the Tories.

Arnold asked to be tried. Nothing serious was found against him, but the court advised that he be reprimanded. Washington had to perform this disagreeable task. He did it in the gentlest way. In the next campaign he offered Arnold the post of honor.

But the public disgrace which Arnold had

received was too much for him to bear. He had fought heroically for his country, suffered wounds, and made many sacrifices. In anger and bitterness he now wanted revenge.

What he did will be told you in the next story.

XVII

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR

WE have just read the story of Arnold the Patriot, and what he did to save his country. We are now to read the sad story of Arnold the Traitor, and what he did to betray the country for which he had fought.

Benedict Arnold was a man of a proud and sensitive nature. He yielded quickly to feelings of affection or of anger. His manner was such that he aroused jealousy, and this caused him to have enemies.

As a soldier and commander, he had few equals. Washington knew him as a man, saw his military ability, and put the greatest trust in him.

Arnold's enemies had done everything they could to injure him. At last he sought to revenge himself on them by betraying his country.

Arnold seems to have thought that he might be doing a good thing. The outlook of the colonies was bad. Even Washington nearly lost hope. The soldiers were unpaid and unclothed, and were deserting fast. Many citizens wished to see the end of the bloodshed and misery. Many of them thought, too, that they should be much better off under British rule.

"If I can end the war at one blow," Arnold thought, "peace and prosperity will be restored. Both sides will thank me, and we shall be really independent."

With this end in view he pleaded that he was not able to fight. He asked Washington for the command of West Point, on the Hudson River. This fortress, with its store of military supplies, was the key to the whole region. If the colonies lost West Point, they could hardly hold out.

Washington yielded to Arnold's request.

Letters now began to pass between Arnold and Sir Henry Clinton, commander in chief

of the British forces. At last Sir Henry sent Major John André to meet Arnold and talk things over.

André went up the Hudson River in the British warship Vulture. In the darkness of the night a boat came silently from the west bank of the river, and carried the young officer to a spot a few miles below West Point. Here André met Arnold.

Meanwhile the Vulture dropped down the river.

Before daybreak André crossed the river, and set out on horseback for New York. He would have to go through the American lines, but he had a pass from Arnold. He had taken off his uniform and put on a plain suit of clothes. He called himself Mr. John Anderson.

When the guards stopped him, he showed his pass.

All went well until he came near Tarrytown.

It was about nine o'clock. Suddenly three young men sprang from the bushes, leveled

their guns at him, and ordered him to halt. One of them happened to have on the coat of a British soldier whom he had captured.

"Gentlemen," said André, "I hope you belong to our side."

"Which side?" said one of them.

"The lower party," answered André. "I am a British officer on urgent duty. Do not detain me. I must hurry to New York."

The three patriots ordered him off his horse.

André saw his mistake. He showed them his pass, but they said they must search him.

They examined his saddle. They took off his coat and vest. Finding nothing, they were about to let him go, when one of them, named Paulding, said, "Boys, I am not satisfied; his boots must come off."

André objected. "My boots are very tight," he said. "I must not be detained; you 'll suffer yet for what you are doing."

But off came the boots, and out came some fatal papers.

"Boys, this fine fellow is a spy," cried Paul-

"Gentlemen," said André, "I hope you belong to our side."
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ding, who was the only one of the three who could read.

André offered his captors his splendid gold watch, his horse, and a thousand dollars in gold if they would let him go.

The three soldiers refused to be bribed. Believing their captive to be a spy, they took him twelve miles up the river to their commander, Colonel Jameson.

This officer now made a blunder. He sent a messenger to Arnold, saying that a certain John Anderson had been arrested.

The messenger found Arnold at breakfast, with several officers as his guests. His beautiful young wife was presiding at the table.

Arnold, concealing his terror, left the table and hurried to his bedroom.

"I am a ruined man. I must fly for my life," he cried to his fainting wife, who had hurried after him.

He seized a horse, galloped to the river, and urged some boatmen to row him to the Vulture.

General Washington was soon informed of what had happened. When Arnold's papers were shown to him, his hand shook. He was overcome with amazement and sorrow.

Turning to Lafayette, with tears rolling down his cheeks, and choking with grief, he cried out, "Arnold is a traitor, and has fled to the British. Whom can we trust now?"

It was only for a moment. The next instant he had recovered his iron self-control.

The three faithful men who captured André were highly honored. Each received a silver medal from Congress, with a pension for life.

Major André was tried, and condemned to death as a spy.

Washington shed tears when he signed the death warrant. He would gladly have saved the young officer's life, but the stern rules of war left no room for mercy.

A few months after Arnold turned traitor, he was sent by Sir Henry Clinton to sack and plunder in Virginia. In one of these raids he captured an officer of the colonial army.

"What will your people do with me if they catch me?" Arnold asked.

"They will cut off your leg that was shot at Quebec and Saratoga, and bury it with the honors of war. The rest of your body they will hang."

Arnold lived for twenty years after his treason. They were years of bitter remorse.

During his last sickness he recalled the days when he had fought bravely for his native land. He thought of the friendship that Washington had had for him. After the battle of Saratoga this friend had presented him with epaulettes and a sword knot, and put them on with his own hand.

The old uniform in which Arnold had fought his battles, and which he wore on the day he escaped to the Vulture, he had kept during all these years of disgrace.

Just before his death the desolate man called for these sad reminders, and put them on again.

"Let me die in this old uniform in which I

fought so many battles for my country. May God forgive me for ever putting on any other."

Thus died Benedict Arnold.

With the exception of Washington and Greene, he had done perhaps greater service in fighting for his country than any other American general. This unhappy man, greatly wronged and greatly tempted, deserves much more pity than blame.

XVIII

NANCY CAMPBELL TURNS SOLDIER

THE Campbell plantation, in South Carolina, was near the road over which Lord Cornwallis was marching to Yorktown. Mr. Campbell and his two sons were in the patriot army. Mrs. Campbell and her daughter Nancy were alone.

It was a bright day in June, in the year 1781. Early in the morning Nancy had seen a force of Hessians and Tories going by to join the British army.

"Nancy," said her mother, "I am afraid that Goody Merrill is in need of food. She has hardly been out of her house since Colonel Tarleton and his Tories killed her husband."

"Why, mother dear, surely the Tories would do no harm to a poor woman."

"In these times nobody can tell what the enemy may do," answered her mother. "I wish you would carry this basket to the good woman. If you see any sign of danger, you can come home by the path through the woods."

When Nancy had done her errand and was starting for home, it was late in the afternoon.

"I am not so much afraid of meeting the Tories as I am of passing the old Danvers place," she said to herself. "They tell strange stories about the deserted house. Nobody has lived there for a year, but Goody Merrill says that somebody spends the night there. Only last week, she said, strange lights were seen, and strange sounds were heard. I wonder if the old house is a meeting place for the Tories. But how silly it is for me to think of these foolish stories!"

But when Nancy came in sight of the old deserted place, her heart began to beat faster. The house stood silent near the road. Behind it were deep woods. Stopping for a moment, the girl looked and listened.

Suddenly she heard a strange noise.

"What can it be?" she asked, frightened.

She felt as if she wanted to run away. Then she crept nearer and nearer to the house.

"Surely it is n't a cry for help. Why, somebody is singing."

At first the words came loud and strong, and then soft and low.

"I am going to find out what it is. Perhaps father ought to know. Why should n't I be brave and try to help?"

She stole up, and from behind a tree looked in at a window.

There, stretched on the floor, she saw a Hessian soldier. She looked at his great boots, with long spurs, his stout, stiff leather breeches, his hat with its tuft of gay feathers, and his great broadsword trailing on the floor.

She caught her breath, but plucked up courage.

"I 'm afraid the poor fellow is dead or

badly wounded. No, that can't be, for he is breathing quietly. Oh, my! There 's an empty bottle."

She almost laughed aloud.

"The idea of being afraid of a drunken Hessian! What would my father think of me? How the boys would poke fun at me!"

She hurried home.

"Yes, I gave the food to Goody Merrill," she answered her mother. "She did n't have much else to eat."

"Did the Tories bother the old lady this morning?"

"No, mother. There was nothing for them to steal. Besides, they heard that our patrol was close on their heels. I left something up the road. I 'm going back to get it. I shall not be gone long."

"Keep a sharp lookout, won't you? It is not safe for you to be out late in these sad days."

Nancy ran up to her brother's room. She slipped into a pair of his trousers, and

put on an old hat and an old coat. After a look at herself in the mirror, she took an old musket and made her way out of the house by the back door.

She found the Hessian asleep.

Resting her gun on the frame of the open window, she shouted, "Surrender, you Hessian. Surrender, or I 'll shoot."

The dazed soldier sat up, and saw the musket pointed at him.

"Hand me your gun and sword, and be quick about it."

He got up slowly and obeyed.

"Now march."

The Hessian walked out of the house and tramped along the road. Nancy kept a few steps behind him.

"Dear me! what am I to do with him, now that I 've got him?" she said to herself. "I 'll march him home first. Perhaps mother will know."

Suddenly she heard the call of a bugle, and the noise of horses' hoofs.

"Oh, if it's Hessians or Tories, what shall I do?"

"Why, Nancy, what have you there?"

It was the voice of Joe Campbell, her brother. He was in command of a patrol.

She quickly told her story, and handed her prisoner over to the soldiers.

What the Hessian said when he found that he had been captured by a girl of sixteen will never be known.

As for Nancy Campbell, the story of her bravery was told and retold long after the war was over.

XIX

"THE AMERICAN ARMY OF TWO"

ON the coast of Massachusetts there is a little village called Scituate, with a small but good harbor. A hundred years or more ago the town was a great fishing place. During the late fall a hundred fishing vessels would often run into the harbor for shelter.

On a sandy ridge not far from the village stood a lighthouse. The keeper was named Bates. He had two sons and two daughters. The girls used to tend the light. Rebecca was about seventeen. Abigail was about fifteen.

One lovely morning in August, Rebecca and Abigail were busy filling the lamp with oil and polishing the great lantern.

Rebecca happened to look out over the

sparkling waters of the bay. She spied a vessel under full sail making for the shore. She seized the telescope and took one long look at the stranger.

"I declare, Abigail, I believe that is a British warship."

The frightened girls ran down the stairs of the lighthouse and across the yard into their cottage.

"Where is father?" cried Rebecca.

"He has just gone to the village to buy some meal. What is the matter, dear?"

"Take the big glass, mother, and look out to the east. There is a warship making for our harbor."

Mrs. Bates and the two girls hastened to the sand hill behind the lighthouse.

"You are right, Rebecca. It is the British warship that Daniel Smith heard about last week in Boston. Have the boys run to the village and tell the folks."

Of course the village people were much excited when the boys told them the news.

"I can well believe it," said one old fisherman. "Thirty-five years ago the British came ashore at the Vineyard, and burned the church and some houses."

"If that British warship sails into our harbor," said another old sailor, who had fought under John Paul Jones, "she will perhaps sink every vessel in the harbor and burn every house in the village."

The warship stood off to sea for several hours. At high tide it came and anchored about half a mile from the lighthouse.

There was a lively time in the little village. All kinds of household goods were loaded into carts and taken behind the sand hills. The women and children with bundles of clothing ran for shelter into the neighboring woods.

Meanwhile Abigail and Rebecca were on the lookout from the tower of the lighthouse. They saw five boats nearing the shore. The boats were filled with soldiers dressed in red uniforms.

"Dear me, Abigail," said Rebecca; "think of Uncle Abel, who fought behind the rail fence at Bunker Hill. I wish I were a big boy. I 'd get out father's old gun and do something."

"I 'll tell you what we can do, Rebecca. You know how to beat father's drum. I can play the fife. Let us go out and see if we cannot help. We can hide behind the sand hills and play Yankee Doodle."

The excited girls hurried to the house. Rebecca got the drum and hid it under a shawl. Abigail took the fife. Away they ran for the outside beach. They crept through the tall beach grass behind the sand hills, to keep out of the sight of the British. They sat down for a moment to try the drum and softly play the fife.

"Now, Rebecca," said Abigail, "we must do this thing right. We must march along the outside beach toward the lighthouse just as if we were marching with soldiers."

"Yes, indeed," replied Rebecca. "Per-

Louder and louder now rolled the drum.
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haps we can fool the redcoats. They may think it is a company of soldiers from Boston."

Rubadub, dub! rubadub, dub! beat Rebecca on the old drum.

Squeak, squeak, squeak! went Abigail's fife.

It seemed foolish to them. They stopped marching, and sat down in the beach grass to laugh.

"This will never do," cried Rebecca. "We shall spoil everything."

"Let us try again," answered her sister. "I will do better the next time."

Louder and louder now rolled the drum. Clearer and clearer whistled the fife.

The officers on the warship were amazed at the sound of martial music.

"I think, sir," said an under officer to the captain, "that it is a regiment of Yankee soldiers marching down to yonder point. If they have cannon with them, they can easily cut off our boats."

"Of all tunes in the world," replied the captain, "think of those saucy fellows playing Yankee Doodle. Be quick, men. Signal to the boats to return. We must get out of the harbor at once."

In double-quick time the men in the five boats pulled away to the ship. They seemed to be afraid that the Yankees would sink them.

That same night the British warship sailed away. Before sailing, the captain ran out a cannon and fired a shot at the lighthouse, but no harm was done.

Rebecca and Abigail Bates lived to a good old age. When the school children asked them to write in their albums, the old ladies wrote their names and then added "The American Army of two, in the War of 1812."

XX

KIND-HEARTED CAPTAIN DAN

NEWBURYPORT, at the mouth of the Merrimac River, used to be a flourishing seaport. A few miles up the river, at a place called Salisbury Point, there were yards for building ships.

One of the leading men in the village at Salisbury Point was Captain Daniel Currier.

Dan Currier had passed his boyhood in Maine, in a log-cabin village on the banks of the Kennebec River. After the death of his father and mother he traveled on foot to Portland, where he shipped as cabin boy on a vessel bound for the West Indies.

The young fellow soon became a good sailor. At nineteen he was first mate. At twenty-one he was captain. When the War

of the Revolution began, he enlisted in the navy. He served as a petty officer under John Paul Jones, on board the Ranger.

After the war Captain Currier went again into the merchant service. For many years he was master of the finest vessel that sailed from Newburyport to the West Indies. He was a skillful and thrifty captain. He made money for his owners and for himself.

At the time of our story he had left off going to sea. Having always lived an active life, he now became a partner in one of the shipyards at the Point, and bought out a store on the wharf. He built a snug house, and married Huldah Merrill, a sweetheart of his early days.

After the War of 1812 there were hard times along the coast. Day after day the ship builders were without work. They used to idle their time away in Captain Dan's store, where they talked over the news, or played checkers until they were tired and glad to go home.

This was getting to be too much for the thrifty old sailor.

"I tell you what, boys," he said, "this will never do for able-bodied fellows like you. You must go to work and support your wives and children. I declare, I have a mind to give you a job. I am planning to build a ship in the old yard east of the wharf."

This was good news.

"All right, Captain Dan," spoke up Peter Smith; "give us a job. We are ready."

"It 's just what we were waiting for," added Thomas Nickerson.

"Very well, boys; listen to me. I want to build a schooner for the West-India trade. I can build her cheap this winter. Besides, it will give you a chance to make some money."

The captain was true to his word.

All that winter the ship carpenters were as busy as bees. They hewed the timbers for the vessel, in the neighboring woods. With a kindly smile the old captain stood at a window

in his store and watched the men laying the keel. In the spring, when the ice went out of the Merrimac, the schooner was ready to be framed and planked. Soon the masts were raised, and the lower spars were slung into place. The jib boom ran up into an old apple tree on the bank of the river.

One morning the captain and his wife walked down to see the new schooner.

"Why, look there, Daniel," cried Mrs. Currier; "if that isn't a robin's nest right up there under the bowsprit! Dear me! the poor baby robins will be drowned when you launch the ship."

"Chirp, chirp," cried the little robins when the mother bird began to feed them with a big, fat worm.

A broad smile came over the face of the kind old sailor.

"Well, if that ain't real pretty!"

At last the vessel was ready to launch. People from the neighboring towns drove in to see the ship. They said she was a beauty.

Of course everybody had something to say about the bird's nest.

Some boys tried to get a look at the little robins. Captain Daniel said he would do all kinds of rash things if he caught any boys looking over the bowsprit.

But the launching of the ship was delayed.

The men at the Point began to talk.

"What is the matter with the Captain?" asked Jacob Snow of Joel Freeman. "What 's he waiting for?"

"The hot sun will soon crack the new paint," said the ship carpenters.

"The rigging will slack if the schooner is to stay on the ways all summer," said the riggers.

Of course the people in the village talked till they were tired. Some said that the dear old captain was a bit out of his head.

One day Captain Daniel hurried into his house while Huldah was getting dinner.

"Huldah, my dear, we are going to launch the schooner next week. The robins are

ready to fly. I saw them just now. I have put the nest up in the old apple tree. The mother bird is on the lookout."

"Dear Dan! How kind you are!"

The next day a painter came up from Newburyport and painted on the schooner the name Huldah Currier. A little above the name somebody painted a nest with four little robins in it.

Of course everybody in the village smiled at Captain Dan.

The mother bird and her little ones sat on a limb of the apple tree and sang their loudest when the vessel slid into the Merrimac. At least that is what the captain told his wife.

A few weeks later the Huldah Currier sailed on her first trip to the West Indies.

"She will be a lucky vessel," everybody said.

Indeed she was. She sailed the seas for many years. The kind act of the tender-hearted old sailor brought a blessing to him and his wife, and to their children after them.

XXI

DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE WOODCHUCK

DANIEL WEBSTER was a great orator, and won fame for himself and his country. As a boy, he read many books, and made good use of what he read. He was often asked for a speech on the Fourth of July and other occasions. His fine figure, his large dark eyes, and his impressive words gave him great power.

Daniel Webster's father, Captain Webster, had been an officer in the Revolution. After the war the old soldier bought a farm in a little frontier town in New Hampshire. His two sons, Ezekiel and Daniel, worked on the farm.

Near the house was a fine garden, of which Captain Webster was proud. But all at once a woodchuck began to tear up the vegetables and eat them.

"This will never do, boys," said Captain Webster one day. "If this woodchuck keeps this up, we shall have no vegetables next winter. Get the steel trap out, and see if you cannot catch the thief."

When night came, the boys set the trap.

The next morning they found the woodchuck caught by one of his legs.

"Now, Mr. Woodchuck," said Ezekiel, "we have caught you. You have eaten your last bite out of our garden. You are a big thief, and you know it. We are going to make an end of you."

"Don't do any such thing, Ezekiel," cried Daniel, who always had a tender feeling for animals. "The poor fellow has eaten only a bit of the green stuff."

"No, Dan, I 'm going to kill the rascal. You are too tender-hearted about this thief of a woodchuck."

The two boys could not agree. So they took the woodchuck in the trap to their father, and asked him what they should do.

"We cannot agree," said Ezekiel. "Dan says we must not kill this bold thief. I say we must kill him, and save our vegetables for the winter."

"Well, boys," said Captain Webster, "the woodchuck is the prisoner. Leave him in the trap, and put him on the grass. I will sit here on the front porch and act as judge. You, Ezekiel, may serve as the lawyer against the prisoner. You, Daniel, may be the lawyer to defend him."

Ezekiel began his plea.

"Just think of the harm this woodchuck has done. Think of the beans he has torn up. What shall we do next winter if we let the thief go free? He will keep coming, and will eat many good meals at our expense. We have already had too much trouble with him. No, indeed, the prisoner in that trap is a dangerous fellow. He must die for the harm he has done. We will sell his skin to a trader in Concord."

Captain Webster now turned to his younger

son and said, "Well, Daniel, it is your turn. I will listen to what you have to say in defense of the prisoner."

During all his life Daniel Webster dearly loved and admired his brother. He now thought that Ezekiel had won his case. But he took a quick look at the poor woodchuck, and felt very sorry for him.

With his deep black eyes fixed on his father's face, the lad began with trembling voice his plea for mercy.

"Ezekiel has done well. But he forgets some things. I say that this woodchuck has as much right to live as we have. God made him to live a free life in the fields and in the woods. He is not a cruel animal like the wolf, or sly like the fox. He harms nobody.

"What has this poor creature done?

"Surely it is not a crime to eat the beans, of which we have plenty. He eats just enough to keep him alive. He knows no better. He has broken no laws. This poor animal does not know the difference between

right and wrong. He has simply followed his own nature.

"Look at the poor creature all of a tremble. Perhaps he thinks as much of his life as we do of our own. God gave him his life. How dare we to take it from him? We never can give it back to him. Let us show him mercy, that we may hope for mercy ourselves."

Tears were running down Dan's face, and his eyes shone like fire.

Captain Webster, who had fought in many battles under General Washington, gave way to tears too. The old gentleman had forgotten that he was the judge. He sprang from his chair and shouted, "Zeke, Zeke, let that woodchuck go."

XXII

TAD LINCOLN

WHILE Abraham Lincoln was president of the United States, the Civil War broke out. In the terrible years that followed he was filled with care and anxiety to help the people of both North and South, and to save the Union.

In his own family he had sorrow too. Before he had left his home in Illinois, his eldest son, Edward, died. The death in the White House, of William, the second son, filled the father's life with sadness.

Robert, the third son, was now away at college.

The fourth son, Thomas, nicknamed Tad, was the only child left at home. The great President and his little boy were playfellows. We are told that the only time the care-worn father ever seemed happy was when he was

ith Tad, sometimes racing with him through
e great rooms of the White House, or
rrying him on his back.

Tad was often present when the great men
me to talk over war news with the Presi-
ent. Sometimes he would play about the
om until he fell asleep, or would climb
to his father's arms to take a nap.

President Lincoln used to call Tad the
rant of the White House. The callers
sed to pet the lad, and men of high rank
ould give him all sorts of gifts. It was
ough to spoil anybody.

Once a visitor gave him a box of tools.

The boy at once began to use them about
e kitchen and the stables, and in some of
e rooms of the White House. He drove
ils into a mahogany desk. He made a
rpenter shop of the room in which his
ther slept.

One day when the President was very busy
his office, the bells in one of the outer rooms
gan to ring like mad.

"The President never rang like that before," said a secretary.

He ran to the President's room, only to find other persons rushing through the halls. Up came a messenger from downstairs, all out of breath. Every bell in the White House seemed anxious to outring the others. The officials about the mansion seemed amazed at the hubbub.

President Lincoln opened the door of his room and said quietly, "Perhaps you had better look for Tadpole."

An old negro servant took the hint. He climbed to the attic. There he found Tad pulling at the yoke which connected all the bells of the White House. Tad gave the yoke one final pull and ran down to his father's room.

A few days later some fine ladies came to see the White House. They walked slowly through the rooms open to the public. At last they were ready to admire the famous East Room. All of a sudden the door at the

end of the great hall was flung open. The dignified ladies stood amazed.

There was Tad, yelling at the top of his voice, swinging a long whip, and driving a pair of goats hitched to one of the dining-room chairs.

"Look out there, please," he shouted as he drove his team round the big room, through the hall, and down the front steps of the White House.

This was too much for the visitors. They made a hasty retreat.

When the President's work of the day was nearly over, and before he began the toil of the night, he would send for the boy. Frequently Tad fell asleep in the office, and then his father would carry him tenderly across the hall to bed.

One Friday the President had a meeting with Secretary Chase. Tad was sticking pins into a chart, making a war map. The wind was blowing from the Virginia side of the Potomac. It brought through the windows the sound of guns.

Lincoln rose, walked across the room, and stood gazing at the Virginia hills, with his arm about Tad's shoulders. When he came back to his chair, there were tears in his eyes.

"This is Friday, the day when they shoot deserters," he said. "I am wondering whether I have used the pardoning power enough. Some of the officers say I am using it so freely that I am demoralizing the army and destroying the discipline."

Then, as Tad climbed to his knee, the President added, "But Tad here tells me I 'm doing right, and Tad's advice is usually pretty good."

At last the cruel war was over.

Then all at once an awful deed was done. President Lincoln was shot as he sat in his box at a theater.

Tad and his tutor were at some place of amusement. Word was sent to the tutor that the President was ill.

Tom Pendell, a member of the President's

body guard, stood at the entrance of the White House to receive the boy.

The little fellow seemed to know that something dreadful had happened to his father. He came running up the steps, sobbing as if his heart would break.

He threw himself into the arms of the old doorkeeper, and cried out, "Oh, Tom Pendell! have they killed my papa?"

The faithful doorkeeper carried the weeping boy upstairs, undressed him, and put him to bed.

Early the next morning Tad looked out of his window and watched the crowd of weeping men and women in the street. He spied the Secretary of the Navy coming into the White House.

Hurrying down the stairs, he ran to meet him. "Oh, Mr. Welles," he cried, "who killed my papa? Why did he have to die?"

Only a few years passed away, and the boy who had been such a joy and comfort to his father went to join him in the better land.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

A

Abel, *a'bl*
Abigail, *ab'i-gāl*
Abraham, *a'bra-ham*
Africa, *af'ri-ka*
Alfred, *ăl'frĕd*
André, *än'drā* (*ä* as in *arm*)
Arnold, *är'nold* (*ä* as in *arm*)
America, *a-mĕr'i-ka*
Asia, *a'sha*

B

Balboa, *băl-bo'a*
Barbara, *bar'ba-ra*
Bartlett, *bart'let*
Benedict, *ben'e-dict*
Benjamin, *ben'ja-min*
Bon Homme Richard, *bŏ̂-nŏ̂m' rē-shär'* (*ŏ̂* as in *obey; ä* as in *arm*)
Bouquet, *boo-kĕ'*
Brandywine, *bran'dĭ-wīn*
Brewster, *broo'ster*
Britain, *brit'n*
Bunker, *bungk'er*

C

Cæsar, *see'zar*
Cambridge, *kām'brij*
Campbell, *kam'bl*
Canada, *kan'a-da*
Canadian, *ka-nā'di-an*
Carolina, *kăr-o-lī'na*
Carlisle, *kar-līl'*
Champlain, *sham-plān'*
Chase, *chās'*
Chaudiere, *shō-dyâr'* (*â* as in *care*)
Columbus, *ko-lum'bus*
Concord, *kong'kurd*
Connecticut, *ko-net'i-kut*
Cornwallis, *korn-wall'is*
Craig, *krāg*
Currier, *kur'i-er*

D

Daniel, *dan'yel*
Darien, *dā-rĭ-ĕn'*
Darrah, *dar'a*
Dearborn, *deer'burn*
Deborah, *deb'o-ra*
Delaware, *del'a-wâr* (*â* as in *care*)

E

Edmund, *ed'mund*
England, *ing'gland*
Eric, *ĕr'ĭk*
Europe, *u'rup*
Ezekiel, *e-zee'ki-el*

F

Ferdinand, *fur'dĭ-nand*
Ferguson, *fur'gu-sun*
Frankfort, *frank'furt*
Freehold, *free'hold*

G

Georgia, *jor'jĭ-a*
Germantown, *jer'man-town*

H

Haiti, *hā'tĭ*
Hampshire, *hamp'shĭr*
Hancock, *han'kok*
Harlem, *har'lem*
Hartman, *hart'man*
Hessian, *hesh'an*
Huldah, *hul'da*

I

Illinois, *il-i-noi'*
Indian, *in'di-an*
Indies, *in'dĭz*
Isabella, *iz-a-bel'a*
Israel, *iz'ra-el*

J

Jameson, *jām'sun*
Joel, *jo'el*

K

Kennebec, *ken-e-bek'*
Knowlton, *nōl'tun*

L

Lawrence, *law'rens*
Leif, *līf*
Levi, *lee'vī*
Lincoln, *ling'kun*
Livingston, *liv'ing-stun*
London, *lun'dun*
Lydia, *lid'i-a*

M

Margaret, *mar'ga-ret*
Marshall, *mar'shal*
Massachusetts, *mas-a-chu'sets*
Mather *măth'er* (*th* as in *rather*)
McKean, *ma-keen'*
Merrimac, *měr'i-mak*
Miles, *mīlz*
Monmouth, *mon'muth*

N

Nathan, *na'than*
Newburyport, *nū'ber-ĭ-pōrt* (*ū* as in *use*)
Newfoundland (dog), *nū-found'-land* (*ū* as in *use*)
Nickerson, *nik'er-sun*
Niña, *nē'nya*
Noddle, *nod'dl*
Normandy, *nor'man-dĭ*

P

Pacific, *pa-sif'ik*
Palmer, *päm'er* (*ä* as in *arm*)
Palos, *pä'lōs* (*ä* as in *arm*)
Panama, *pan-a-mä'* (*ä* as in *arm*)
Paulding, *paul'ding*
Pendell, *pen'del*
Pennsylvania, *pen-sil-va'ni-a*
Philadelphia, *fil-a-del'fĭ-a*

Pinta, *pēn'ta*
Pocahontas, *po-ka-hon'tas*
Pompey, *pom'pĭ*
Portsmouth, *pōrts'muth*
Potomac, *po-to'mak*
Princeton, *prins'tun*
Put, *pŭt* (*ŭ* as in *but*)
Putnam, *put'nam*

Q

Quebec, *kwe-bek'*

R

Rebecca, *re-bek'a*
Regina, *re-jī'na*
Rhode, *rōd*
Rolfe, *rolf*

S

Salisbury, *solz'bĕr-ĭ*
Santa María, *sän'ta mä-rē'a* (*ä* as in *arm*)
Santo Domingo, *sän'to do-min'-go* (*ä* as in *arm*)
Saratoga, *săr-a-to'ga*
Scituate, *sit'u-āt*
Scotland, *skot'land*
Seine, *sân* (*â* as in *care*)
Serapis, *se-rā'pis*
Spaniard, *span'yard*
Stanwix, *stan'wiks*
Stephen, *stee'vn*

T

Tarleton, *tarl'tun*
Tarrytown, *tăr'ĭ-town*
Thomas, *tom'as*
Thorwald, *thôr'wôld* (*ô* as in *or*)

V

Viking, *vī'king*
Vinland, *vin'land*
Virginia, *ver-jin'i-a*

W

Washington, *wash'ing-tun*
Welles, *welz*
Whitemarsh, *whit'marsh*

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